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The Christian Socialist

Vol. II. No. 23. DANVILLE, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 1, 1905. Whole No. 39.

God, My Neighbor

NOTHING that any or all atheists have said has banished God from my presence.
Nothing that has been proved of the falsity of any or all scriptures has removed Him from my habitation, has prevented me from *knowing* God.
Nothing that has been or may be mentioned against the moralities or immoralities of the lives of His professed lovers moves me * * * My own failure to live in conformity with the love-ideal daily present before the life of this my nearest neighbor, and my striving still to speedily attain to that strength beauty stature, speaks louder, infinitely louder, than all denials of the existence of my neighbor God.

THE day of my denial, long is past.
I could not glory now in ignoring my neighbor Man or God—nor could I give the lie to those describing Him as other than I have known. In myself was the limitation that prevented my appreciating and loving you *yesterday.* In myself were the dulled and blinded senses that barriered me from *you.*

OH SEE how close and visible you are to *me*—
Behold how I knew not the real *you* but yesterday.

* * * * *

LOOSE yourself, my well-loved lover, from the limitations of self-seeking; lay your hand in mine eternally strong with the sense of conscious weakness, dependent on the complemental self; repose lovingly your head upon this bosom broad as the universe,
And I will bear you to the presence of my neighbor God—
And we shall evermore be One, as ever we have been; but
Now, soul I am conscious of beyond all doubt, you shall be *conscious* of your one-ness, as yesterday you were not conscious of the real me, as yesterday I was not conscious of the real you, though flesh touched flesh in the fierce world-strife of seeking.

* * *

MY NEIGHBOR, God.
How good that is!
How great the answer I can make to Reason's half-truth argument: *Daytime, night-time, I cohabit where you say there is but nothingness.*
My soul brings forth the progeny and places them in sight before you.
See, loved Reason, see!
Hear, loved Reason, hear!
Deny again the being of my neighbor in the presence of these strong sweet sane song-children whose parentage I know.
Deny, loved Reason, as through all the lifetime of the race you have denied—
And found yourself mistaken on the morrow, convicted by tomorrow's fact confronting your increasing consciousness.
Deny, deny again, and give yourself the lie tomorrow.
Closer, closer comes my Neighbor to the strong-grown consciousness of Man.
Make room for me, manifest humanity:
Make room, O Reason, for my Neighbor, God.

—Edwin Arnold Brenholtz.

JOY AND THE COSMOS

BY RUFUS W. WEEKS

I. A BOY'S EXPERIENCE

TO A CERTAIN BOY the world wore two faces utterly different; it was as if he led two lives, in differing worlds. One was that common-sense world which he shared with all other people—the world of breakfast, of games, of work, of commands and punishments. The other was the world he saw and felt when he was alone, when awakening from the deep sleep of the night to a new day and musing on its delights to come, or when roaming the fields, on what errand mattered not; it was a world of broken lights and gleams, all glorious and filled with poignant hints of joy.

It was not by his will that he passed from one world to the other; each by turns enveloped him and seemed all to him. When, in his own bright world, he gave a thought to the millions who were toiling or playing in that other ordinary world and who never guessed what glory lay about them; it was as if they were mortal, he immortal, he alone understanding the real meaning of their lives.

Many little things seemed to him on the instant he perceived them to have threads connecting them straight with the heart of that glorious universe; a golden pansy glowing in the sunlight; the fragrance of an apple; the smile of his school-teacher; the liquid flow of a strain of music; the mountain over-hanging the meadow; the wide-winged gorgeous sunset; the lofty stars; the tale of a deed of unconscious heroism.

The boy's sensation at these choice moments was as if he were aware, on the instant and with perfect certainty, that the very excellence he was admiring, beauty in a fragrance or a color or an idea, was but a glimpse of a bit of some vast excellence, the same yet more excellent, which was trying to burst through the visible world and flood his mind with bliss. To convey this impression as clearly as may be, I might say it was as if the boy had always lived and was now living confined in some cabin which had neither windows nor doors, yet was sufficiently lighted for his uses of play with this or that toy interesting enough to him; but that now and again the sun came exactly opposite some little crack in the wall and for one instant flashed a hint of the glory of all out-doors into the boy's eye and heart, a hint full of assurance that that glory was all for him and that not a particle of it should be lost to him.

II. THE JOY OF JOY

There is a certain experience which I am persuaded is common to humanity, and which must be alive in the memory at least if not in the present consciousness of every one of us. It is not an experience of the senses; the conception of it is hard to clothe in the language of the senses.

All things keenly enjoyed, from the flavor of an apple to the sweetness of music or the delight in a new idea, have the root of their goodness in a quick undefined feeling of an unseen world, which seems to speak to us at that moment and to tell us something of its exquisite fineness and perfect love. This expression, it is evident, does not describe the experience, but surely it suggests it.

What a number of words to use in trying to describe, or rather designate, a simple vivid sensation, of the same order as those primary sensations out of which our mental world is built up! Of the same order, for example, as those sensations we call redness, hardness, warmth, hunger, brightness, terribleness. The sensation we are speaking of ought to have a name in some single word; and doubtless it has in Sanscrit and in Japanese, and likely in other Asiatic tongues, for the Oriental is familiar with the sensations which report the spiritual, as the Occidental is not. This particular sensation may not visit the Occidental more than a dozen times in the course of his life, and it does not occur to him to try to converse about it, or to name it.

Those rare souls which have experienced this wonderful sensation many times find it grow into an abiding sense of the companionship, genial and joy-giving, of the soul of the Universe. This permanent state of mind they are able to instill into others, even multitudes, who have not partaken of the original sensations out of which it arose. That reality which is reported by the experience has been called by many names; it is that "Love of God" from which St. Paul says he is persuaded that nothing can separate us; it is that "Heaven" where, as Jesus says, the will of God is done; it is that crystal sphere of the ideal, the sense of which filling the heart of Plato set his mind at work devising formulae for its relations to the things we see with the body's eyes.

All hard actions, all selfish actions close the door to this experience. There is to be sure, a kind of happiness aside from it, but no one who knows the two would say that the other was worth the exchange. It is not, however, always the case that one who refrains from treating others ill will surely keep his hold upon this experience. There is a condition of mind, as well as one of heart, which can break the tie. The habit of exclusively analytic thinking sophisticates and shuts the door of Heaven. Of this Darwin is the classic example; we have his own testimony that as he devoted himself more and more exclusively to the tasks of observation and induction he found that music and beauty lost for him their meaning and charm. The calamity that befell George Eliot was of like nature. In early life she must have known the experience hinted at. (This we can be sure of as we read the words in which she describes the awakening of Romola on the shore of the bay after her night upon the little boat.) As the years went on, George Eliot's intellectual activity, too intensely critical, destroyed the reality of this experience for her. The attempt to make a synthesis of the universe by intellectual processes, and the finding of no certainty of supreme goodness in any

(*Continued on Page 3*)

Trend of The Social Movement

BY GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

NO ONE who has given the subject close attention can doubt that economic causes have much to do with social and political conditions. The quest for food, clothing and shelter is a most important one, and it absorbs much of man's energies. It is frequently so insistent in its demands that there is little or no time for anything else. It brings on an economic pressure, that saps all the energies of life, and makes higher interests of minor consideration. This results often, not from indifference on the part of the person thus subjected, but because he is too exhausted by his daily labor to have the capacity for other interests. This pressure acts not merely on the individual, but on society as well; and it often determines the conduct of groups of men, even the political actions of nations, from the most primitive to the most civilized.

Is it not possible, however, that we may look too exclusively at this determining cause, to the neglect of others not less important? One other such cause must be regarded as being not less fundamental than the economic. That is the influence of sex, which is as urgent, and extends its influence as widely, as that of food. Sex leads up into many of the most precious of human interests, and in it are based many of the noblest sentiments. Say what we will for economic causes, their action is artificial compared with that of sex, which is the most primary and the most wide-reaching of the social causes. It may be true that in the highly conventionalized life of today economic influences are the most urgent, at least, that they exert their pressure the most constantly. When we look at the causes which have brought men together as social beings, however there can be no doubt that what we call love, the feeling of kin, the sentiment of home, the ties of family life, are of the greatest importance in determining man's social existence.

The passing of love is in many ways the strongest known to man, the most relentless in its demands, and the most effective in its results. The food demand is individual, and has relation only to his requirements. The hunger of the individual is not felt by others, and has no relation to their needs. The passion of love is always racial in its demands. has regard to others, has reference to race preservation. Nature has weighted this passion with such tremendous energies that the perpetuity of the race becomes certain; and if it were not so, all economic causes would not be enough to secure the care of wife and children as against the interests of the individual man. Base as this passion often is, out of it grows family life, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the sentiment of altruism. We may call it brutal and animal in its baser manifestations, but man can be more debased in its expression than any other creature. If it drags him down with its sensuality, it not less surely lifts him up with its tenderness and its self-forgetfulness.

As life exists to-day it appears that the pressure of economic causes brings men into social relations, and cements individuals together to form society. The machine cannot be purchased by the individual, and it cannot be operated by him; therefore, men join hands to secure results not to be obtained otherwise. All manufacturing and commercial interests show this demand for collective action, society becomes a vast net-work of related activities, and the individual no longer acts by and of himself or even for himself in any exclusive sense. Giving superficial attention to current economic causes it appears unquestioning that they bring men into social and political relations. If we look at the subject more widely, how ever, and study the whole history of man from the most primitive to present conditions, it does not appear so certain that economic are the determining causes, exclusively.

Neglecting the sex-passion, and ignoring the demands of racial perpetuity, we may study primitive society in such a manner as to reach the conclusion that economic causes have always been the only one significant in man's life. If that conclusion is reached, however, it must be by disregarding what actually takes place in all early society, and what continues to operate in the highest civilized life of to-day. Whatever may be said by some writers, who have studied only economic causes, and have neglected those relating to the family, the first cementing cause of human society is that of sex. The evidence all goes to prove that the first men were not drawn into hordes or family groups because of food demands, but because of the relations of the mother to the child. The child could not live without care and tender nursing through months and years. The result was that the children followed the mother, not only until they could care for themselves, but until they were grown-up, and even so long as she lived.

It cannot be supposed that children ever fell exclusively to the care of the mother, but at first they were provided for by the family group rather than by the father. This did not lessen the sex demand, but increased it, rather, for it took from the father the immediate pressure of providing for his children. Though he did not care for his own children in the earliest communities, he did for those of his sisters, in conjunction with the other men of his group or clan. What we find, then, is that the children of a mother remain with her, take her name, inherit from her, and from the maternal or metronymic clan or gens. The men of this clan find women in other clans, with whom they live only a part of the time. They belong to their mother, and their children, in turn, belong to the clan of their mother.

In studying carefully such a clan-group in any part of the world or in any period of history, we are deeply impressed with the great importance of the cementing ties of sex, or, more definitely speaking, of kinship. These relations of sex and motherhood become those which really determine the early forms of social organization, and they persist through all forms of society up to the present time. The family has gone through many phases in its evolution, and political life not less in number; but through all their transformations the sex and the kinship instincts have remained as binding forces. It is not to be assumed, however, that they operate apart from those which have been called economic; but the two always act together. In fact, it is impossible to separate them; but there is no escape from the conclusion that kinship has a force in early times not less important than that of economic demands.

Was the primitive clan, out of which has grown all other forms of social and political organization, due to economic or kinship causes? This may seem an idle question, for it is largely impossible to separate the two in actual operation. Giving all the weight the problem demands to economic interests, it is impossible to conclude otherwise than that the sex and kinship bonds first acted to bring men together in groups, and that the cement thus furnished was more powerful than any other known to man. This conclusion ought not in any degree to exclude the economic interest, for that was present, and it was imperative in its own form and degree. The food pressure acts always in an artificial form, that of kinship naturally and immediately as a social cause. Economic causes operate to bring men together politically, while kinship binds together socially, men, women and children. Food interests make the first men hunters and fishers and women agriculturists and tamers of animals. This was the first division of labor, along sex lines. Thus economic interests bound themselves to those of kinship most closely in early times.

When men began to settle down to a life determined by place of habitation, a remarkable change took place in the family. Men widened their economic life, the provision of the food supply came more immediately under their control, and the paternal family came into existence. Throughout tradition, mythology, and social survivals are to be found traces of the early maternal family. In most countries the early gods are feminine, and the great mother of all is everywhere recognized as the creative force in nature. But the time came when man was at the head of the family, his name was taken by his children, and they inherited from him. He did not go to live with his wife, but she came to live with him. In the maternal clan the kinship members provided for wife and children, but in the paternal gens the father controlled wife and children, and provided for their economic needs. The family was thus transformed, and social and political life took on new forms, as the result.

It may be thought that this affinity of economic and kinship interests belongs only to early society, but such is not the case by any means. The earliest relations can be traced down, step by step, to the present time; and there is an unmistakable continuity of operating causes. The problems involved, however, are so complicated that they have not yet been fully worked out, and they are ignored in large part by most social and political writers. So imposing is the warlike nation and the heroic leader of great armies, that writers of history have turned aside from the real causes operating in human society, to deal with those merely superficial. All great nations have been based on force, on warlike domination, on autocratic rule enforced by armed men; but below these surface causes have been the real forces at work which have controlled the social activities of men. The real order of growth has been the maternal clan, the paternal gens, the village community, the city-state and the gild devoted to the crafts, and then the nation. Each of these has had its own economy and its own form of family life. Sex and food. kinship and political bonds have always operated together. The child has always been one of the greatest social forces, and the land has always acted as a vital political cause.

Our next issue will be a Christmas edition with a lot of extra good matter. Order a bundle in advance, so we may know how many to print.

The Russian Demonstrations

"The demonstration was ordered for December 11 (1904, St. Petersburg). Then a rumor was heard that it had been postponed, owing to some theoretical variances and to the solicitations of the 'Minority.' But as early as Saturday morning I knew that the demonstration would take place. And we began to prepare ourselves. I went with a pure, unburdened heart, all joy; and I was not the only one. We all—all my friends and I—came out expecting death, and we did not hope ever to come back to our homes. We took leave of each other, and we were shining with joy. No clouded face, no word of sorrow."

The above is part of a letter which Professor Milyoukov has translated and printed. It was written by "a very young girl student," and helps to put us at something of the Russian point of view.—The N. Y. Evening Post.

Brother, sister, comrade please get up a club of Christian Socialist subscribers at once.

Mr. Santa Claus, while making up your list of friends, please do not forget the Christian Socialist.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP

Goshen, Ky., October 24, 1905.

I am sending a bunch of subscriptions today and would add a further word about our work. The interest following comrade Wattles' recent meetings here stirred the people to advertise another meeting at which Rev. Dr. Jacob Ditzler, the once noted evangelist and debater of the Methodist Church South, should oppose Socialism. Comrade Wattles was to have represented us in a joint discussion with Dr. Ditzler while here but the rain prevented. Comrade Chas. Dobbs of Louisville, a young man of keen mentality and wide experience in party work, represented our side. Goshen Hall was filled with the best people of the surrounding country, many coming who before would not attend. It was an extremely picturesque scene, the venerable but vigorous old divine, victorious in many a theologic and rationalist debate in former times, defending the present crumbling social order against the clear and earnest indictment of a young apostle of the new faith and freedom of humanity. Comrade Dobbs pitched the discussion on so high and dignified a plane, and the Doctor responded with such conservative good sense that it was an intellectual treat to all. And while of course each side considered its representative a bit the best, it was a victory for truth because it set the people to thinking. Comrade Goodman was with us and after the debate we shared that divine fellowship of kindred minds that is the joy of our movement.

It gives me pleasure to report that by special invitation I delivered our message to a crowd of 400 or 500 people at a meeting of the Modern Woodman in this county October 7th, and have have been invited to repeat the address soon either at the county court house or the Beard Christian Church. Our work at Utica, Ind., begun by Comrade Goodman and myself this summer has opened up finely for the fall and winter. The town hall was filled October, 13th, a literary program being arranged and carried out by the young men, and my address on socialism following. A similar meeting is advertised for October 27th, and so on through November. In December we hope to have a social revival there conducted by Comrade Wattles. The Louisville comrades are arranging for the winter work and we hope to co-operate with them along similar lines. Comrade Carr's speaking tour under the auspices of the national committee overjoys us because it proves that by making our message economically clear we can count upon the co-operation of the national organization whenever desirable.

Comrade J. W. Wells of Portland, Oregon sends me a copy of the Daily Journal of that city containing a column report of his Sunday sermons on Socialism. Evidently this comrade is doing a very successful work of which we would like to hear direct from him. He is doing it similar to methods that must be employed in all out city propaganda.

And I have a letter from Comrade C. E. Townsend of Cameron, Ind. Ter. who is holding Christian Socialist meetings in the depot waiting room because of prejudice in the town. Our comrade's earnestness has aroused some bitter opposition and he deserves great credit for continuing the work. His experience demonstrates the necessity of some general understanding about methods to be adopted in the face of opposition. Comrade Carr's fine editorial in the Oct. 15th issue gives this, and doubtless Comrade Donaldson could give our comrade good counsel. My own practice is conciliation whenever possible, and a quiet, unswerving devotion to duty and truth despite criticism or attack. Our comrade has been very noble-hearted in his work amongst the moral wrecks of our vicious social order and has recued a number from the death of sin. Surely this should commend itself to any community. And let us put the Christian Socialist in the hands of every man or woman open to the truth.—Lucien V. Rule.

Judging Trades Unionism

BY REV. CHARLES STELZLE

Nothing is ever gained by mere denunciation. This applies to trades unionism as it does to everything else. The time has come for a sane study of what Carlyle has called "the universal vital problem of the world."

Ordinarily trades unionism is judged by a newspaper story which had its birth in an insignificant strike event, but which was nurtured by the irresponsible reporter of a sensational newspaper. Sometimes the story of tyranny or lawlessness practiced by trades unions is true, but this lawlessness is not an essential part of trades unionism, any more than hazing is an essential part of the college curriculum, or the killing or maiming for life of the football player is an essential part of a college education.

Trades unionism must be judged not so much by its mis-deeds as by its ideals. We demand the same thing for the church and every other institution. You need not go very far back into the history of practically ever great movement to find duplicated nearly everything that we are today denouncing in the trades union. These all have passed through their period of hysteria. The older unions are proverbially conservative, and men sometimes say that if all trades unions were of their type, no-one would object to them. But they were not always so. Most of them were at one time as radical as the newer unions. The time will come when the young giants among trades unions of our country will use their strength to better purpose.

Judging the value of trades unionism by the general direction in which it is going, it must be given the credit of bringing its adherents into the haven of better physical, social and moral conditions. And that must be the final test.

The significance of a great labor convention is vast and thrilling. The large number of struggling bread-winners hard pressed in "The Battle of Life" to save their families from hunger and cold which the delegates represent; the natural instinct of class union for mutual protection whose development is, after all, the greatest result of unionism; the quickening of intelligence and resourcefulness under the fierce pressure of modern competition for a paying job; the POWER represented by these men not only to PRODUCE plentifully, but to POSSESS and RULE when their eyes are opened, and the certainty that all these difficulties, disasters and sufferings which Labor is subject to will result in the open eyes and the world-wide revolt which will plase Labor forever on the throne—all this and more comes to the mind of the thoughtful spectator with tremendous, hopeful force. Our sympathy, our prayers and our hopes always attend a great labor convention. For whether the immediate result is satisfactory or not, the ultimate result will be a new era of freedom.

—E. E. C.

JOY AND THE COSMOS

(*Continued from Page 1*)

such synthesis attainable, chilled and killed the original instinct of trust in the primary experience. The result for her was that deep internal gloom which tinges her later writings.

This experience, the irrepressible impression that joy wells out from the heart of the universe, is something instantaneous and primary,—one of those irresolvable impressions which are the very stuff of the scheme of things. It is not the result of imposed theological belief, else one who had been brought up Pharisee or Calvinist would never feel it; it is something deeper than any doctrine or belief.

Jesus' secret, His discovery, was that for one living in the sense of the joy-giving soul of the universe, the true part was not to spend life in basking in this sense, but in making oneself in turn a giver out of joy. "Never mind your own life of joy coming from the unseen—spend yourself in giving joy to others."

In Him the insight of the Oriental co-existed with the intense love of activity of the Occidental; He was the man of humanity, not of one race. On the mountains, musing on His experience of the love of God, He was the Oriental; coming down to heal the insane and to give the most practical precepts to His followers, He was the Occidental.

Paul's famous trio may be defined in terms of this experience: Faith is the yielding to the pull of instinct towards holding as true the sense experienced that the heart of the universe sends forth joy of its own nature; Hope is the confidence, spite of contrary appearances, that joy is the finality, the pervading reality which will break through every dark obstacle; Love is the abandoning oneself to the giving out of joy to others.

The sublimity of Paul's announcement is in his saying that the last is the greatest of the three, and the truth follows by inference, though not expressed by him, that it is the part of man to hold fast to the last of the three even if he has lost his hold on the other two. To exemplify this truth has been the special glory of the agnostic humanitarians of the nineteenth century.

Jesus' discovery was, that to hold fast to Love is the way to keep from losing Faith and Hope—the way to regain them if they are lost,—and this again some of our agnostic friends are finding in these days come true for them. The greatest of the agnostics of our time, the leader of the movement for ethical culture through beneficent activity, has passed from darkness to light while he worked. The Unseen Ally, from being to him practically a nonentity, has grown to be the strongest of realities; and such, I am persuaded, will be the experience of every normally-constituted man who humbly surrenders himself to altruist work.

The best poetry contains many records of this typical experience of the healthy human heart. These emotions do not spring from theological belief, but are the common soil out of which some theological beliefs have sprung, and they have a kind of validity which no theology has.

Take these lines from Coleridge as an instance:-

" . . . . 'Thou need'st not ask me
What this strong music in the soul may be
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.

. . . .

We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echo of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.' "

In Volume I. of Tennyson's life, the following account is given in his own words, of a recurring experience of his own:-

"A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this, not in a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life . . . . This might . . . . be the state which St. Paul describes, 'whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell.' . . . . I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? But in a moment when I come back to my normal state of 'sanity' I am ready to fight for *mein liebes Ich*, and hold that it will last for aeons and aeons."

But, after all, the most convincing thrill is that which comes with some simple experience concerning a child, like that given by Wordsworth in the poem of the child feeding the lamb. The joy-surprise of the man is told in the two lines:

"And she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone that I almost received her heart within my own."

A like picture I have in my memory, though in what year or in what country it happened I cannot say. It must have been in early autumn; the day was sunny; I was walking along a road, and under the roadside trees saw a little boy and a little girl. They were standing with faces upturned, and were holding up their tiny artless hands, palms upward, as if expecting the golden leaves to fall from the sky into them. Even as I looked, a leaf did float down towards them; its gentle touch also came into my heart.

(*To be continued*)

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What a pitiable spectacle this anti-rebate agitation affords! The President of the United States is well-nigh powerless; the Interstate Commerce Commission is a costly joke; the five great national unions of railroad men have been forced under pressure to petition against interfering with railroad robberies of the people lest the wages of railroad employes be reduced; the coal barons have declared against it; Republican congressmen and senators are balking, and the latest is that the President will threaten to take away the railroad graft of $10,000,000 per year on the postal service unless the railroads yield to his anti-rebate law! The postal graft is well-known to every government official, why not stop that along with the rebate graft? Could the fact be made clearer that the government is in control of the capitalists and helpless in their grasp? There is no hope for deliverance from graft under the graft system. Let the nation own the railroads.
—E. E. C.

……

"Everyday Christianity" is exactly what we need, and under that head Rev. Stelzle says some excellent things. The Church "teaches men how to live" in words, but does it really show them how to live by deeds? How "many churches" have open doors every day and night for concerts, lectures, free dispensary, sewing classes, etc? Is there one in twenty that does? If it were the rule for the Churches to do as Brother Stelzle says there would be more confidence in them on the part of the working people. "Applied Christianity," *really applied without reserve*, will solve all industrial problems and bring the golden age. The churches are not condemned for preaching the Golden Rule. Their members are condemned for practicing and defending the rule of gold. Many good ministers and laymen see this, and, like the prophets of old, they are trying to arouse the church to its duty and opportunity. But, like the ancient men of God, they do not attempt to deceive either the church or the world by flattering sophistries. Let the truth be fairly, squarely told. The truth alone can free the church and the world.—E. E. C.

……

Editor Carr returned from his eastern lecture tour on Nov. 14, but was only at home a few days, being now engaged in an extensive series of lectures on Religion and Socialism at Racine, Wis., under the auspices of the Socialist Central Committee. The series will close with his popular lecture on "Getting Married" to which an admission fee will be charged. So many calls for Mr. Carr's lectures have been received that he will be able to be in the office only a few scattered days between this and May 1, 1906. Therefore correspondents will please be patient with him. Any who wish his lectures may write to this office. Perhaps he may be able to reach you on his way to or from places that have already engaged him.

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The Christian Socialist must be endowed like a college. Remember this in your will. But do not wait till you die. Help endow it now. With a reasonable endowment we can do a giant's, yea, an angel's task.

Now is the Time

The kingdom of God, the loving, just and joyful Co-operative Commonwealth, struggles in the womb of time to be born, and the hour is near. The birth-pains are manifest all through the social body. Many mid-wives are crowding forward expectant and eager to help,—Bryan, Lawson, Hearst, LaFollette, Roosevelt,—and there is sad danger of them doing vast harm through a missunderstanding of the character of the child to be born and of the constitution and temperament of the social body, and through following the "old wives' fables" of capitalistic reform. There is also the materialistic socialist whose automatic, cataclyptic, sure-thing, revolutionary machinery may frightfully deform and blight the babe. The Great Physician's advice is needed in this case, and in his absence we can do no better than to proceed according to the directions left in his Good News to the Poor.

The transpiring social revolution must be guided so that it will avoid the compromises of capitalist reformers on the one hand and the evils of atheistic revolution on the other. Class-conscious, revolutionary socialism must proceed in the full light of *spiritual* and *moral* as well as *economic* truth. And to the Christian Socialist is committed the tremendous responsibility and undying glory of giving particular voice to this threefold message. The work of this paper is of inestimable importance. Everyone who believes in the essential principles of Christianity as declared by Jesus himself should unite their heartiest efforts with ours to carry on this vital work.

The paper is suceeding in a hopeful manner. Hundreds of ministers, teachers and laymen are taking it. Over nine hundred Y. M. C. Associations receive it. Thousands of laymen read it. Every mail brings new orders and words of devout appreciation. But the goal of self support, for a paper like this at fifty cents per year, is far ahead. The work we are doing could not go on without loyal, generous helpers whose brains and money are consecrated to this cause. And we are compelled to appeal to these and others for more help.

Since last appeal several responded with subscriptions and cash payments of from one to twenty-five dollars. But this money melts like snow before the needs of the paper. The editors all work without salary, and some of them give liberally of money besides; therefore we feel justified in urging others to do likewise.

We need thousands of dollars with which to send out sample copies to hundreds of thousands of people. We need thousands of dollars with which to buy a home for the paper to cut off the harrassing rent bills. We need thousands of dollars with which to buy new machinery, type etc. But EVERY LITTLE HELPS, and we urge those who can not send thousands to send hundreds; those who cannot send hundreds to send tens and those who cannot send tens to send dollars, half-dollars and quarters. Send all the money you can spare. Men and women who are sacrificing what those in charge of this work are will not steal your money. Get up clubs of new subscribers every week. Order a bundle of sample copies as often as you can. HELP SOME WAY AND HELP NOW.

We would be appalled by the greatness of our glorious opportunity but for the faith we have in the men and women who read these words. We know your hearts are true. We know you want this paper to succeed and become a hundred fold more influential than it is. We believe you will respond and help us all you can. DO IT NOW.

PLEDGE OF ASSISTANCE

City of ...., Date ....

I, the undersigned, hereby promise to pay the amount of $.................. .... cents, on the first day of each and every month, to the Co-Operative Printing Company, of Danville, Illinois, for the assistance of the Christian Socialist. It is understood that when my payments amount to TEN DOLLARS, I am to receive one paid up non-assessable share of stock, have a vote in the management of the business, and an additional share of stock and vote for each subsequent ten dollars paid.

It is also understood that on a written notice of 30 days, I may at any time cease these monthly payments; provided, however, that no amount of less than ten dollars paid shall entitle me to a share of stock or a vote in the company.

Signed ....

St. Number ....

Editorial Itinerary

For a hundred miles the B. & O. railroad winds among the mountains by the side of the beautiful, crooked, rocky little Potomac river. My "broad Potomac" idea, obtained from history and romance, received a sudden and severe shock. A small boy can throw across the river and there are so many rocks and rapids that navigation even by small boats is impossible. But another hundred miles of exploration restored my former idea to full size and even enlarged it. Riding from Richmond to Washington one sees the "broad Potomac" of history, song and story in all its peaceful, beautiful, expansive majesty,—a bright, calm body of water two and three miles wide, bearing with easy dignity many ships, and completely justifying all that its admirers have written. Thus I was impressed once more with the folly of hasty judgment and the need of exploring a subject throughout its entire course before reaching a conclusion or claiming to understand it. Many good people who have heard or read a few fragments of socialism and are disappointed with it would be fully convinced and filled with enthusiastic admiration and devotion if they would really explore the subject. And many a person we are disappointed in would inspire honor and affection if we knew him better. We all have our narrow, shallow, rocky places. Let us search for the deep, broad places in each other and generously, wisely with-hold judgment till we find them.

At Baltimore I found many earnest comrades and a vigorous movement. Two days there gave opportunity for extending acquaintance and seeing the city. I am particularly in debt to Rev. B. A. Abbott of the Christian Church for the pleasure of his company and guidance in sight seeing.

Baltimore has passed through a "fiery trial", a destructive, creative "revolution," by which a large part of the city was destroyed and has been rebuilt in massive modern style. There have been private losses, no doubt, but the general result is a decided improvement. Under Socialism fire would bring no private loss and in many cases the result would be of public benefit,—especially till most of our present-day shacks and gloomy prisons are destroyed and replaced with proper homes and bright, breezy, roomy factories and stores.

The Johns Hopkins Hospital is the pride of the city and the solace of thousands. It is a beautiful, vast and commodious series of buildings donated by the noted millionaire whose name it honors. It is reported that he came to Baltimore poor and, "by hook and crook and good fortune", became immensely wealthy. One day while passing a poor tenement he heard the wail of a sick child sweltering and dying in the relentless heat. The child's cry awoke great pity in his heart. It followed him. He heard it echoing through the vast realm of his soul both day and night. He found no rest from the child's cry. He knew it was but one of many, that thousands of children in Baltimore perished annually for lack of care. And the great hospital now monuments that unknown child's cry and the tenderness it awoke in the good heart of a wicked money grabber. He also founded and endowed the University at Baltimore which bears his name. And, whatever crimes be committed under the murderous competitive system to amass his wealth, we know that down deep in his heart he was a good man. Charge to the competitive system his crimes, while the University and the Hospital proclaim the native grandure of a soul that could preserve kindness and pity throughout the fierce strife for fortune and, after a thousand relentless triumphs, capitulate at last to the cry of a sick child.

But alas! that children must die by the thousands in every large city for lack of proper food and care while the foolish people await the generous whim of some money lord nine-tenths of whose hearts are hopelessly hardened before their fortunes are made. If the parents of the poor children were not so hard-hearted or *so hard-headed* they would vote public money in generous amounts to care for the children whether sick or well. Under socialism the children will be the prime care of the government. The best of food, clothes, homes, schools, hospitals and doctors will be furnished for every one with no limit but its needs. Then all children may grow up well, wise, good and happy, their childhood a fairy tale, their manhood an epic of love, honor and success.

Near the Hospital in the Broadway boulevard, with its twin sister the Eutaw boulevard among the widest and loveliest streets in America, stands a noble statue of Thomas Wildey, founder of American Odd-fellowship, upon whose broad pedestal these words are carved:

"He who realizes that the true mission of man on earth is to rise above the level of individual influence and to recognize the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man is nature's true nobleman."—which is mighty good socialist doctrine when scientifically applied.

Druid Hill Park is an immense area of wood, hill and lake, several hundred acres in fact, which reminds one of an old English estate and where there are no signs: "Keep off the Grass!" It is the joy of the whole city—except those who live too far from it to walk and have no money for car fare.

One of the most astonishing things about Baltimore—perhaps the most astonishing for a city of over half a million inhabitants—is that it has no sanitary sewer system. The sum total of inconvenience, dulling of esthetic sense, disgust and ill health arising from this must be immeasureable; yet, owing to frequent flushing of the streets and the breeze from the bay, they say the city is not unusually unhealthy. I am decidedly sceptical on that point, especially as, owing largely to the open vaults, the city is literally infested with mosquitoes during the summer time. How many people, especially children, die in Baltimore annually from poisoned air and poison carried by mosquitoes only the great God knows. But they are about to bond the city for ten million dollars with which to build a sewer system (and enrich some grafters), said bonds to mature in 75 years. 75 years of interest bearing bonds from which the city can not escape! The socialists of 1920 "will not do a thing" to those bonds!

The socialists of Baltimore did themselves proud by increasing their vote Nov. 7, not only by the percentage of votes cast but by actual count. And they did it, not by working harder than other comrades--though they carried on a splendid campaign under the leadership of Comrade Clarence H. Taylor and others,—but by working more wisely. Impossibilism was forgotten in the face of the infamous Poe amendment which proposed to place the ballot of every colored man, every naturalized citizen, every son of a foreign born man not naturalized before 1869 and every young American coming of age after the year 1906 absolutely at the mercy of the precinct election inspectors, from whose decision there would be no appeal. This would mean the perpetuation of the notorious Gorman machine and the practical disfranchisement of the people who refuse to support it.

The socialists did not forget nor neglect their message of collectivism, but they proved their practical ability in statesmanship by throwing their whole force against this abominable amendment proposition all over the state. And thus they not only had an honorable part in its defeat but increased their vote and gained the respect of tens of thousands of honest men. The vote in Baltimore rose from 1,400 to 1,600, while most other socialist gains this year are only on the percentage of the total vote cast, and where impossibilism manifested itself in any marked degree the vote fell off—as it ought to.

The Westerner who travels through Maryland and Virginia is surprised at the large amount of uncultivated land. Within sight of the dome of the Capitol at Washington the hunters are busy with their dogs and guns. And the Baltimore papers are advertising for settlers to people the unoccupied lands of Maryland! Perhaps if the state would redeem the land from the speculators and sell it at a price the people could pay this difficulty would disappear.

Passing down the Chesapeake bay on a stout steamer from Baltimore to Norfolk by night, we saw the English war-fleet of Admiral Prince Louis, with the U. S. North Atlantic Squadron—a score of fierce war-dogs in all—peacefully chained off the Naval Station at Annapolis. Myriads of electric lights on the ships illumined the night and were visible many miles away like the lights of a great city. As we passed, our search-lights presumptuously played upon the warships one after the other, bringing their huge hulks and vicious looking guns to better view—the American ships dressed in pure white, the English in sullen drab. It was a thrilling sight; but does it pay to tie up thousands of millions of money and tens of thousands of men in warships for the sole purpose of protecting or advancing capitalists and capitalism? Some day men will see the folly of all this. When capitalism dies navies and armies will perish with it. There will be no reason for further war.

It is not strange that the well-trained, professional butcher, the English Prince-Admiral, should tell a Christian Herald reporter that he is opposed to the great powers forming a compact to preserve the peace of the world. Of course. If world-peace could be assured he would lose his position, gold braid and power and be nothing but an obscure, harmless prince. Nevertheless, "War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at,"—nor presidents either. Some day the people will "get wise." And it is the glory of the International Socialist Party that it everywhere stands for peace and is being recognized as the greatest peace-power on earth.

The noise of unloading the ship at Old Point Comfort awoke me to a beautiful morning and a delightful view of the lower Chesapeake with more than fifty vessels large and small scattered over the broad bay. Five-masted ocean coasters depending upon the wind alone for progress; steamships, tugs, sail-boats of all sizes and crafts of all descriptions, anchored and at full speed; the distant, pine-clad shores, like tropic isles; the rare, refreshing smell of salt water; the stiff breeze, the rolling sea, and the sun, rising fire-red, like a molten ball, through the distant mist, all mingled in an impression upon my soul that I can never forget.

At Norfolk I had "the time of my life". I spent fifty-five cents car fare, five hours of time and a vast amount of patience, besides walking three miles, before I found the only comrade with whose name (and wrong address) I had been provided. I searched through Norfolk and the navy yard at Portsmouth, tracing him from place to place like an "old sleuth", and found him at last at Ocean View, ten miles in the opposite direction. After all, the arrangements were not in his hands!—nor any one's, as I found later. Nevertheless, we had a good meeting with a big crowd on the street and a very liberal collection. Several comrades found the place and they promise to have things in better shape the next time I come.

At the navy yard I saw many things of interest to a land lubber. The armored cruiser "Charleston" was there being cleaned from stem to stern. And she is a white beauty, but for her wicked guns. The monitor Arkansas, whose two forward guns cover nearly half the ship and throw twelve inch shells which cost over a thousand dollars a shot, rode black, grim and defiant at the dock undergoing some sort of repairs.

It was at this yard that a "free-born, American citizen-king" was discharged, by special order of the President, because he was unwilling to furnish rooms to sailors in uniform for the reason that the lewd and rowdy conduct of the "jolly tars" has brought their uniform into disrepute and made them unwelcome in reputable neighborhoods. Which incident shows that a navy yard employe is not even master of his own home and dare not choose the men he welcomes there.

Great is American freedom in the reign of old king Mammon and his head-servant War! "The honor (?) of the American naval uniform must be preserved!" not by the honorable conduct of the wearers, but by punishing those who refuse to sanction its disgrace! Our good president certainly made a mistake that time. —E. E. C.

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

EDITED BY GEO. H. STROBELL

A Southern Mill Girl

wish the day would run away:
I wish 'twas night once more.
My eyelids close but when I doze
The big looms growl and roar
Like bears, and make me start and
wake a-crying as I work.
And the hot air chokes us little folks—
I know it's bad to shirk.
But the singing birds are singing; butterflies are in the air.
And the honey bees in sunny gardens
buzz; if I were there
They might flit, or hum, or twitter—
but I wouldn't stir all day,
I'd be keeping still and sleeping,
I'm just tired, too tired to play.
—John L. Heaton,

in Chicago Socialist.

The vote in New York City this year is 10,621, against 23,070 last year, and 15,847 two years ago. This fall is explained by the Worker as the temporary result of the Hearst movement, and is not regarded as discouraging. "The Henry George movement, the Populist movement, the Bryan craze, all temporarily interfered with the spread of proletarian socialism, but ultimately much of the discontent which they voiced and created was driven, by changing and ever more relentless economic conditions, into the Socialist movement, which is so entirely distinct and different from all of them." Elsewhere in the state the vote shows uniform gains

New Jersey duplicates the conditions in New York. Essex and Hudson counties containing respectively the cities of Newark and Jersey City, both had their reform movements and there was a large falling off of the total vote. The percentage of the total vote remains about the same in the case of the socialist vote in these two cities. While the vote outside of the two counties shows slight gains.

The Boston Globe says: The Socialists regained their standing as a legal political party in Massachusetts at the election on Tuesday. Their total vote was increased less than 900 over last year, yet the smaller aggregate of the state makes their percentage relatively larger. It is estimated that the returns will show a total vote of 12,600 or about three and a quarter per cent.

Chicago's vote for socialism was 18,956 as against 23,034 for mayor last spring. The total vote in Cook county is 19.806. Owing to the falling off of the total vote the socialist percentage rises from 8 to 12 per cent.

Pennsylvania was up against it. The combination of Democrats with Prohibitionists with all the zeal and favor of a "Thou shall not steal campaign"s wept away our vote. Fifteen towns heard from report a vote of 2,907, as against 5,247 for the same towns last year. The vote of Philadelphia is estimated at 1,650, against 3,240 last year. Berry, the successful candidate was a party prohibitionist until 1896, when being outraged by the parties subservience to organized predatory wealth, which controlled party platform and policies, threw in his fortune with the succeeders, nearly half in number, who bolted that historic convention. He understands the socialist philosophy, but believes with Hearst that the policy of boring from within the democratic party will bring that party to socialism.

In the mayoralty contest in San-Francisco, the socialists of that city cast 1.686. This is the third time that Schmitz has won on the labor ticket, and our vote ought to be contrasted with the last mayoralty vote which was 1,059, although Debs last year got 7,250. When this Simon-pure labor vote breaks up, as it sometime will, it is hoped that the breach between it and the old parties will be permanent.

There is an average increase of about 200 in Baltimore ove. the vote last year. It will probably run to 1,650. The city alone gave a majority of 20.000 against the proposed amendment to disfranchise the workers of Maryland.

The vote in Indiana, shows a decrease from the presidential vote, but runs about even with varying gains and losses with the vote of 1904. In Terre Haute, the official canvass of the vote shows a decrease from last year. The vote this year is 177.

The vote of Salt Lake City, Utah is cut to less than half of that of last year. The town of Bingham succeeded in electing the town president and the entire board of four trustees over a citizens' ticket composed of all the other parties. Eureka, while not able to score such a splendid victory as in Bingham. they succeeded in winning second place in a three-cornered fight. The Toledo Socialist places the probable complete returns from Ohio, at 18,000. The vote for Swing in 1904 was 33,763 and for Cowan in 1903 was 13,495. "This is an increase over 1903 of 2,777 and a decrease from that of 1904 for Swing of 10.531. It is only just to take the vote for Cowan two years ago as the normal vote so that a fine increase of real Socialist votes can be recorded of Ohio."

In Marion, Indiana, the Republicans, Democrats and Prohibitionists have combined in a "Citizens' party" to defeat the socialists.

The Wellesley College girls are taking a lively interest in socialism. Considerable quantities of socialist literature are called for by the students, Jack London's "War of the Classes," Robert Hunter's "Poverty." and Ghent's Mass and Class" are the books most in demand.

Mayor Schmitz was re-elected mayor of San Francisco, by 12,000 majority over the fusion candidate of the democratic and the republican parties, Mr. Partridge. Schmit'z re-election is accounted for by the fact that the fight was made on strict class lines. "The returns are explained by the fact that labor was arrayed against capital. Partisan politics was buried and a class issue was made. Partridge was at one time the attorney of a non-union man who fought the Typographical union, and one of the strongest campaign documents used against him was his brief in that case, in which he scored the unions and their methods. In addition to that the Citizens' Alliance, through its leader in this city, Herbert George, came out with an enthusiastic indorsement of Partridge. This solidified the workingmen against the fusion candidate as nothing else could. The fusion leaders made haste to call off George, but the harm had been done."

A dispatch from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, tells of the profound impression that comrade Debs made with an address delivered at the carnival in that city, when thousands of people from other parts of the state, as well as local residents, listened to him with attention. The World-Herald, reporting the Omaha engagement, says Debs addressed a massive audience at Washington Hall, and his remarks were greeted with thunderclaps of applause.

The printing plant fund of the Social Democratic-Herald in Milwaukee, is growing steadily. The growing strength of socialism then leads us to hope for a speedy victory. In order to preserve and constantly inspirit any movement a daily paper is absolutely necessary and the Wisconsin comrades see this and are endeavoring to provide it. Every true socialist in the country ought to make at least one contribution to this fund. I would rejoice to see about a thousand of the readers of The Christian Socialist send something, no matter what. It all helps. It will all come back some day with interest. Secretary Thomas announces that the Social Democratic Publishing Company has just purchased a Webb Perfecting Newspaper press in addition to the new linotype. The Wisconsin Social Democrats are now in a position to make a more vigorous campaign of literature next year than ever before.

Prof. John Graham Brooks, of Harvard, says that today there is no other party in existence that has as clear and logical a program as the Socialist party

The recent statement of the Chicago Record-Herald that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has acquired possession of 21 of the leading railroads of this country, and in connection with the Gould interests controls 11 other lines, is not very surprising to those who recently observed the manner in which he secured control of the United States Steel Corporation and is gradually drawing the copper industry into his net. Said a man who knows. "He must buy a railroad every week to properly invest his income.

The wholesale graft schemes that have been uncovered in Milwaukee have served to start the politicians to play their well known scheme of repudiating their old parties and placing a "Citizens' ticket" in the field. The "best citizens," have issued a circular letter in which they claim that the decent people are voting the socialist party ticket, and that "there is a decided danger that our next municipal election will be carried by that party. This must be avoided. The socialists are perfectly satisfied with the situation.

Massachusetts, through her labor bureau, is considering pensions for her aged workers. It is figured that this form of assistance would be less costly as well as less degrading than the poor law now in vogue.

"Both the great parties are threatened with submergence in the augmenting pool of socialism in their own convention in 1908," says Leslie's Weekly, in an article on Presidential possibilities.

St. Louis "Labor" thinks that the Capitalists will take up and support Governor Folk as Presidential Candidate in 1908,with the purpose of making ing a hurrah campaign on "Political Honesty and squelching the socialist party. But it won't work." Experience proves that Socialism has been gaining a strong foothold in St. Louis since the first boodle trials under Mr. Folk's direction took place. Last fall when every political goose was cackling the praise of the fearless circuit attorney, the socialist party vote in St.Louis, increased to over 5,000, while five months later, in April, 1905, the average socialist party vote was about 5.600. As circuit attorney Joseph Folk did some good work by showing up the corruption of capitalist party politics. He deserves credit for that work. As reform governor Joseph Folk is a failure; can be nothing but a failure, because he is sailing on the troubled waters of the democratic party, surrounded by all the elements of political corruption that make the democratic party machine possible. As a presidential candidate Joseph Folk will accelerate the downfall of the democratic party. "Political Honesty" campaigns are getting stale. He will have to declare for a program. This program may be radical—then he will drive the conservative elements into the republican ranks; or it may be conservative—then he will drive the radical wing of the democratic party toward socialism.

The socialist party has little to fear in either case."

Wisconsin Notes

The proprietor of the largest brewing plant in Milwaukee offers the city a silver mounted bottle of beer for christening the city's new fireboat. Now it happens that this proprietor is the man who admitted that he gave a bribe of $1,500 to the former city building inspector. The latter is now in prison for accepting this bribe. The Social Democrats hold that the "business men" who furnish the "boodle" are as guilty as the politicians who take it, although the latter have been indicted and in some instances punished, while the business men have not even suffered a loss of prestige. Accordingly one of our Social-Democratic aldermen in the last meeting of the City Council introduced a resolution, reciting the above mentioned facts and proposing that "the board of public works be and they are hereby instructed to decline the so-called 'magnanimous' offer of said Gustav Pabst, and to christen the new fireboat in such manner as not to bring reproach upon the city."

The agitation for a municipally owned electrical lighting plant in Milwaukee is likely to result in exciting events. The contract of the street lighting company expires next month, and the company has offered a new contract. with a much reduced price for lights in case the contract is granted for a long period, or at a higher price in case the contract is given for a short term. If these terms are not accepted, the company threatens to plunge the city in darkness. The corporation aldermen in the City Council have thus far succeeded in blocking all attempts of the Social-Democrats to establish the municipal lighting plant which the people voted for last year. Now, of course, there is no time to start one before the company's contract runs out next month. So this deadlock will probably result in stirring times.

Three new branches of the Social-Democratic party were organized last week. The remarkable part of this item of news is that the new branches are all in agricultural districts, which our propaganda has never reached before, and that the majority of the members are farmers. The agricultural question which has been so difficult of solution by the socialists, is thus beginning to settle itself. These branches were formed by our state organizer, Carl D. Thompson, who is now making a very successful tour of eastern and northern Wisconsin.

Comrade E. E. Carr of Danville, Ill., addressed three well-attended and enthusiastic meetings in Racine last week. The Racine movement is in good shape and everything points to a large gain in our vote there next spring, and a probable increase in the number of aldermen in the Racine City Council.

E. H. Thomas, State Sec.

"THE JUNGLE"

The Statement Concerning a Publication Plan

To My Comrades of the Socialist Movement:

SOMETHING over a year ago I took an outline of "The Jungle" to a publishing house, and signed a contract for the bringing out of the book this fall. When the story was half written this firm declared that they considered it "equal to the strongest of Zola's writings, and with an added dignity of its own;" but when it was completed they told me that they could not publish it as it stood, and would have to require omissions and alterations that would ruin the book for the purpose for which I had written it.

It has always been repugnant to me to have my books exploited in the business world. I am not a business man myself, and I do not write my books from business motives. As I thought over the whole proposition, it occurred to me that if I only had the capital to print an edition myself, I would take the chances of an appeal to the Socialists to find it an audience and make it a success. Of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" our party press could sell thousands of copies every year; but though the book was published fifteen or twenty years ago, the publishers still refuse to print a cheap edition of it. And more important than this, a publisher may completely suppress a book if he sees fit. Ten years ago the Standard Oil company put its secret agencies at work, with the result that even to this day it is difficult to obtain a copy of Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth vs. Commonwealth". I may be mistaken, but I believe I know where I could get a good sum of money to withhold "The Jungle" from the public; and I do not believe the book would be out a month before its publishers would receive mysterious offers for its copyright.

The more I thought about this the more clearly I saw that it was not simply a question of business, but one of morals—that it would be an act of cowardice and unfaith to turn "The Jungle" over to the profit-mongers without first giving my comrades a chance to say whether or not they were prepared to care for it. I believed that I had written a book that the socialists would not let lie; and if they were going to buy it, I said, why might they not send the money to me and wait a month or two while I printed it with the capital thus furnished? My friends all tell me that I am foolish to take the risk; but I believe in the Socialist movement—if I did not, I never should have written "The Jungle."

The Jungle Publishing Co., Princeton, N. J.

Find enclosed $............, for which send me, prepaid............ copies of "The Jungle", when published.

Signed..

....

....

If I could afford to do it, I should offer this book to the world at cost, but I cannot do that. I have been six years learning to write novels, and during that time I have worked sixteen hours a day and written nine books, of which four have been published; and the sum total of my earnings from that source has been less than a thousand dollars. I had a wife and child to take care of, and we lived in tents and shanties and garrets, and begged and borrowed the money to live in them. There have been months when I have done all the housework, the cooking and washing of dishes, and taken care of a baby and a sick wife besides.

I am not grumbling about this, for it was all practice for "The Jungle"—I am simply making the point that it was exhausting practice, which has left us all upon the verge of prostration, and has made it impossible for me to take any risks with this last book.

The volume, as I plan to publish it, will be equal in every respect to the best $1.50 copyright novel. It will be clearly printed upon the best paper, and will have six new full-page illustrations upon plate paper, drawings by a young artist which I consider a real help to the imagination—something that can seldom be said of such drawings. The book will have a special cover design, and the binding will be of the best. In this connection it is to be pointed out that "The Jungle" is more than twice as long as the average $1.50 novel, and this means that it will cost much more to make—nearly twice as much for the plates at the outset, and for the paper, printing and postage all the time. Its price, if I publish it, will be $1.20 net, postpaid, for single copies; for five copies, $5.50; for ten copies $10.00; twenty-five copies, $23.00; fifty copies, $45.00; one hundred copies, $80.00, express or freight in all cases prepaid. This will be the price to all comers—that is to say, the Socialist movement will get the same terms as the book trade, and later on there will be a paper edition, upon thin paper, to save postage.

I will wait twenty days to find out whether or not you care to have "The Jungle" published in this way, and if orders enough are received, the book will be ready a month later. The first edition will consist of the exact number of copies ordered within the twenty days, and it will be called the "Sustainer's Edition," and have inside the cover a label explaining that it was one of the copies ordered to make possible the publication of the book. All orders must be accompanied by the money (check or postoffice money order preferred), and they should be addressed not to me personally, but to "The Jungle Publishing company," Princeton, N. J. If you wish to make the book a Christmas present to your friends, state this in your order and engraved certificates will be sent you, each one stating that a copy of "The Jungle" has been ordered and paid for, and will be mailed upon the date of publication. The receipt of all orders will be promptly acknowledged, and the result will be made known through the Socialist press. If the number of orders should be too few to justify the undertaking, the orders will be filled, at the same price, by the capitalist house which brings out the book or else the money will be returned upon demand. —UPTON SINCLAIR.

A WORD FROM JACK LONDON

Here it is at last! The book we have been waiting for these many years! The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of wage slavery! Comrade Sinclair's book "The Jungle!" and what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for black slaves, "The Jungle" has a large chance to do for the wage-slaves of today.

It is essentially a book of today. The beautiful theoretics of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" are all very good. They served a purpose and served it well. "Looking Backward" was a great book. But I dare say that "The Jungle," which has no beautiful theoretics, is even a greater book.

It is alive and warm. It is brutal with life. It is written of sweat and blood, and groans and tears. It depicts not what man ought to be, but what man is compelled to be in this, our world, in the Twentieth century. It depicts, not what our country ought to be, or what it seems to be in the fancies of Fourth of July spellbinders, the home of liberty and equality and opportunity; but it depicts what our country really is, the home of oppression and injustice, a nightmare of misery, an inferno of suffering, a human hell, a jungle of wild beasts.

And there you have the very essence of Comrade Sinclair's book—the jungle! And that is what he has named it. This book must go. And you, comrades, must make it go. It is a labor of love on the part of the man who wrote it. It must be a labor of love on your part to distribute it.

Are you ordering a bundle of Christian Socialists as often as you can? Use this paper for propaganda.

LABOR UNIONS ARE TRUSTS

Declares Post's Citizen's Alliance and Should be Prosecuted

Parry and Post's annual farce-comedy, which will become a tragedy in proportion as the people endorse their ideas, has been given again, this time at St. Louis. They call it the "Citizen's Industrial Convention;" the Citizen's Alliance is the name commonly used.

It is extremely pathetic to hear these horny handed (hearted) millionaires plead for "the right of a man to work;" but somehow they never discuss any plan whereby a man may obtain a job and keep it. Their strong plea is that a man has a right to work (when he can get a job by crowding some other man out) for the least wages he can get—this being the well established law of labor competition. The man who will do the most work for the least money is the man who will have the job, whether he be a Negro, Chinaman or American;—that is, the man who can *live the cheapest and work the hardest* is the man Parry, Post & Co. want to employ.

The convention adopted resolutions approving the prosecution of alleged trusts; declaring labor organizations to be labor trusts and should also be prosecuted by the government; declaring it will continue to promote, protect and extend the principles it represents with renewed vigor. These principles are set forth to be:

Open shop, demanding only good faith and fair dealing, it discriminates against neither union nor non-union labor. Freedom of the apprentice and right of the individual to have a trade and to follow it.

Right of private contract, with equal obligation upon employer and employe.

Right to work; limiting the hours of labor whether of brains or of the hand, is a matter of mutual agreement, not a subject for arbitrary legislative enactment.

Enforcement of the law.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, president. Several vice presidents and members of the executive committee were also chosen.

The books, entitled "The Captive City of God" by Richard Heath, have just arrived from London. They are the Second Revised Edition with paper cover. Price 25 cts. All orders that were on file have been sent out. Order before they are all gone.

Through the kindness of a friend we are still offering the Appeal to Reason and the Christian Socialist to new subscribers of this paper for 50 cents each for one year! This offer is limited

BREADSHIPS NOT BATTLESHIPS

One-half the effort put forth in preparing for war, if used aright, would prevent all suffering and death by famine and nine-tenths of all loss by fire.

—Milton Jenness.

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